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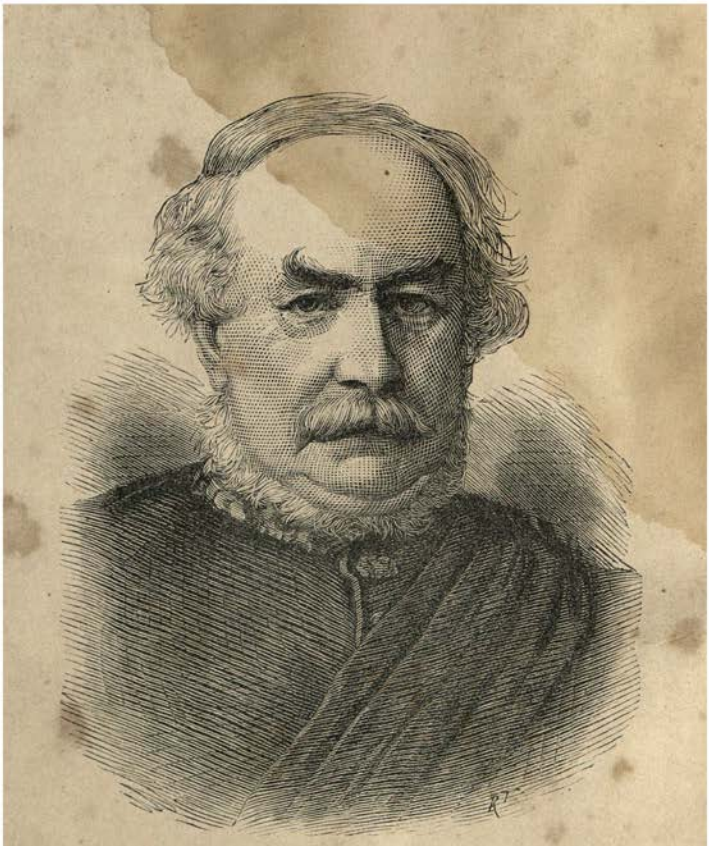

MAJOR-GENERAL J. T. BOILEAU, F.R.S.

From a Portrait by Mr. Sydney Hodges, presented to the Soldiers' Daughters' Home.

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MEMOIR

OF

MAJOR-GENERAL J. T. BOILEAU

R.E., F.R.S.

BY

CHARLES RATHBONE LOW

I.N., F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF 'THE HISTORY OF THE INDIAN NAVY' 'LIFE OF LORD WOLSELEY' 'HISTORY OF MARITIME DISCOVERY' ETC.

WITH A PREFACE

BY

COLONEL HENRY YULE, C.B., R.E.

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'These to his memory'—Tennyson

LONDON

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1887

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PREFACE.

THE writer of this little Memoir having asked me to write a short Preface, I have felt that though little can be uttered that is not more or less a repetition of what has been well said by Mr. Low of his father-in-law, in the Memoir itself, I could not refuse a brief tribute to the memory of a friend of considerably more than forty years' standing, to whose acts of kindness I have been much indebted in my own early Indian service, and often in later years, for that friendly cordiality in intercourse which forms one of the softest wraps that ease the aches of life.

General Boileau's life in India, during some six-and-thirty years, was marked by an extraordinary acuteness and vivacity of intellect, by an unresting and devouring activity of mind, by singular versatility and variety of occupation. But he did not achieve fortune, nor in truth did he attain such measure of worldly means as his abundant talent and industry would have led one to expect. The brief outline of

prominent features which has just been indicated may, perhaps, suggest some reasons for this. And it is a fact that his joyous and buoyant temper, his exuberance of spirits, indeed, often showing itself in proceedings of a somewhat eccentric nature, formed a characteristic of Boileau better known to the Anglo-Indian community—apart from the high officials and the brother officers who knew his true value—than his varied intellectual gifts and practical accomplishments. Indeed, his sayings and doings were the subject of many widely current anecdotes, which (as Mr. Low has intimated) were in some cases founded on the merest iotas of fact, and in some others were purely mythical. But I dare say, after these thirty years, some of them linger still, *mutato nomine*, among the traditional commonplaces of Indian gossip.

It was really during these thirty years of life following General Boileau's retirement from India, that his best qualities were fully drawn out to most valuable purpose, and won him warm regard over a far more ample field than that afforded by the *Mofussil* society of Upper India.

He never, indeed, lost his versatile energy, which found vent in mechanical contrivance, in zealous service as a Volunteer, in duties as a most active member of a Metropolitan Vestry, and an indefatigable worker in Charitable Societies. Nor did he ever—unless in his last illness—lose his buoyant spirits, or

even his peculiarities. No one who knew him could have wished it. But in the constant exercise of benevolent effort, and in the service of his Master, these characteristics of the man had gradually become riper and sweeter than in the old Indian days. Of what he was to the two great Military Charities to which he came gradually to devote his life, and of the affectionate regard he won so widely in that devotion, Mr. Low tells in the pages of the Memoir, and circumstances which have followed Boileau's death have added strong testimony. It is surely well that the history of this Worthy should have been recorded.

HENRY YULE.

LONDON: *February* 12, 1887.

MEMOIR

OF

MAJOR-GENERAL J. T. BOILEAU, R.E., F.R.S.

Parentage and Early Life.—Lord Bolingbroke says that "History is philosophy, teaching by example;" and this apophthegm is equally applicable to biography. Instruction and elevation of thought result from lessons derived from the perusal of the life of a conscientious and disinterested worker in the cause of humanity, to a degree scarcely less than that of the great names of history.

The family of Boileau, which, as the name implies, is of French extraction, is noble and famous in the annals of that country. The first of the family whose name is on record is Etienne Boileau, who, in 1255, thirty-one years before the French Parliament existed, was appointed by Louis IX. (known as "Saint Louis") Grand Provost of Paris, one of the highest offices of State. His son, Robert, accompanied Louis to the Crusades, in 1270, and perished with his sovereign at the siege of Tunis. The grandson of the Crusader was ennobled by Charles V., in 1371. His son, Jean, the second Baron Boileau, went with many other nobles and gentlemen to the succour of the

Emperor Sigismund, against the infidels, and was killed at the sanguinary battle of Nicopolis in 1396. Regnaud Boileau, his son, was made by Charles VI., in 1390, Treasurer of the Seneschalship of Beaucaire and Nismes, in which office he was succeeded by his descendants for many generations. The tomb of the fifth Baron Boileau may still be seen at Nismes, bearing the following inscription in Latin : "To the blessed memory of Sieur Guillaume Boileau, Treasurer of our most Serene King. His son, also Treasurer, caused this monument to be constructed, with a chapel for himself and his family, in the year of our Lord 1494, September. Pray for the dead that they may rest in peace."

Antoine, the sixth baron, purchased the estate of Castlenau de la Garde and of St. Croix de Boiriac, and in 1500 took possession of the property, receiving the oath of fidelity from his vassals, according to feudal custom. His youngest son, Nicolas, is believed to be the ancestor of the great poet Boileau Despreaux, born 1635. Jean, the seventh baron, embraced Protestantism, and for his constancy to the proscribed faith was imprisoned, tortured, and beheaded by the Duc de Nemours in 1560. His son Jean, the eighth baron and third lord of Castlenau, was deputed, in 1600, by the inhabitants of Nismes to represent them at Montpellier, where an assembly was held relative to the putting into execution of the "Edict of Nantes." When this famous instrument was revoked by Louis XIV., in 1685, Jacques, the tenth baron, was imprisoned at Lyons and Montpellier, where he died in 1697, after a captivity of over ten years.

The Baroness Boileau and her family fled from France to Brandenburg and Geneva, where she died in 1700, having survived her husband and eleven children. The eldest son, Charles, took refuge in England, and, having renounced his

country, the next in age, Maurice, inherited the title and estates. The twelfth baron, Charles, while on a visit to Lisbon, perished in the great earthquake which engulfed that city on November 1, 1755. His descendants, and the present Baron Boileau de Castlenau de la Garde et de St. Croix de Boiriac—to give him his full title—reside in the ancient castle of Castlenau, six miles from Nismes, which has been for nearly four centuries in the possession of the family.

Charles Boileau, born in 1673, settled, as we have said, in England, and, entering the British Army, commanded a corps of French gentlemen refugees at Blenheim, under the Duke of Marlborough. In 1704 he married Marie Magdalen, daughter of Daniel C. D'Escury—a Protestant refugee of an ancient and noble family—major in Lord Galway's French Regiment of Horse, and died in 1733, at Dublin. His son Simeon, born at Southampton on October 4, 1717, the only son who left a family, married, in 1741, Magdalene Desbrisay, or de Brizé—a French family of great distinction, a daughter of Maréchal le Duc de Brizé, and niece of Cardinal Richelieu, having married the great Condé, Prince of the Blood Royal of France. The sixth son of this marriage[1] was Thomas Boileau, father of the subject of this memoir, born in 1754, who, in 1796, married, at Calcutta, Leah Jessup, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Ebenezer Jessup.

Major-General John Theophilus Boileau was born in the "City of Palaces" on May 26, 1805, his father at the time holding the office of Chief Magistrate of Calcutta. The following letter from General Boileau's mother, a woman of

[1] John Peter, an elder son of Simeon Boileau, born November 30, 1747, is grandfather of Sir Francis Boileau, Bart., and father of Major Charles Lestock Boileau, of Castlenau, Barnes, born in 1800, formerly in the Rifle Brigade, who still (1887) survives.

great force of character, dated July 6, 1838, gives some particulars of her father's career : "In answer to your inquiries about my father, Lieut.-Colonel Ebenezer Jessup's property, I can state to you that it was in the province of New York, in the United States of America. A part of this was in and near Albany, but the whole was lost on his taking a part in favour of the British Government. My father raised a regiment at his own expense and went with it to Canada, and commanded it during the whole of the American War. He was in the campaign with General Burgoyne, and was taken prisoner with his army, after which he returned to Canada with his own regiment, and upon the Americans breaking their treaty he served again actively during the remainder of the war. Upon his first quitting Albany to go to Canada with the regiment he had raised, my father buried all his deeds and papers which regarded his estates to secure them against the plunder of the Americans, hoping to return in time to save them from being spoilt, but the war having taken an adverse turn, he was so long absent that upon their being opened they were illegible, from having rotted while buried under ground, and from this circumstance he wanted proof of much of his claims against Government for confirmation of his lost property.

"The American Congress were so exasperated against him for the part he took in favour of the British Government, that they outlawed his person and confiscated his property, which they valued at 150,000*l.* when they put it up to sale. My father received a very trifling compensation for all this great property (I think only about 2,000*l.*), not being able to prove it, in consequence of the loss of his papers, nor did they, the British Government, pay him for the expense of raising the regiment, which I have heard him say cost him about 2,000*l.* All this property, which he owned before the American War broke out, was lost as above stated.

"At the conclusion of the war with America my father's regiment (The King's Loyal Americans) were put on half-pay, and as a compensation for services had lands allotted them in Upper Canada. My father's portion as Lieut.-Colonel Commandant of the regiment was a thousand acres, and was laid out somewhere near York Town (now Toronto), but from my father not choosing to settle there with his family, and from neglecting to cultivate it, this property was not secured to him. He sent in his claims for compensation for the great property he possessed before the American War at the conclusion of that war in 1783, and he received a mere nominal compensation, as above stated."

From America and England Colonel Jessup proceeded to India, and here we find him in comfortable if not affluent circumstances, in 1805, at the time of the birth of the subject of this memoir.

Some of Colonel Jessup's letters to relations in England and India, between November 1805 and February 1807, are of interest. The correspondence is chiefly carried on with his daughters, Mrs. Wright, wife of the judge and magistrate at Moradabad; Mrs. Maddy, wife of the Reverend Dr. Maddy, D.D., in London (grand-parents of Admiral Sir William Nathan Wright Hewett, V.C., K.C.B.); and Lady Anna Maria Jessup, his daughter-in-law, residing at Ringwood, in Hampshire, one of whose sons, John Henry Bowes Jessup, was then under his care at Calcutta, before proceeding up country to join his regiment, the 5th Cavalry. This lady mentions in a letter that another of her sons, who was in the Navy,[1] had sailed in a frigate, and there is the following notice of him in a letter of Colonel Jessup's

[1] Among his correspondents is a relative, Lieutenant W. Bowes, of H.M.S. *Lion* (then on the East India station), whose fate was a sad one. Writing to him on January 12, 1807, in answer to three letters, Colonel Jessup congratulates him on his appointment to H.M.S.

to his wife: "I'm very happy that I did not see in the newspapers any mention of our dear little grandson, Thomas Ebenezer, having been hurt in battle. May God preserve him and direct him how to do good." The old soldier, like his grandson, General Boileau, had a firm reliance in an all-wise Providence, and his letters are full of such references, and generally ended with the words, "May God bless and preserve us all."

In the sixteen months embraced in this correspondence Mrs. Jessup and two of the elder Boileau children sailed for England in the ship *General Stuart*, on November 28, 1805, and three of Mrs. Wright's children in the following February. In a letter to this daughter, written on June 12, he speaks feelingly of the death of his son-in-law, Mr. Boileau, on the previous day, and adds: "It was exceedingly distressing, particularly so to see your dear sister overcome with grief almost to despair. She and her dear little children came to our house and are here. I attended his funeral. I tell your sister that as it is God's will that it should be so, it is the best for her to be in as little grief as human nature will admit of. He was a very good man, a good husband, father, and friend. And I hope and believe he is and ever will be perfectly happy." A few weeks after the birth of her posthumous child, named Alexander Henry Edmonstone, on February 3, 1807, Mrs. Boileau sailed in the ship *Hugh Inglis*, Captain Fairfax, for England, with her unmarried sister Deborah, whose health had broken down,

Blenheim, of 74 guns, bearing the flag of Admiral Troubridge, Nelson's friend, whom Lord St. Vincent pronounced as only second to that great admiral. In the same month the *Blenheim* and the *Java* frigate sailed in company from India for the Cape station, to the command of which Admiral Troubridge had been appointed, but neither ship was ever heard of again, and it is supposed they foundered in a heavy gale on February 5, with every soul on board—probably not less than 1,000 men.

and her three little children, John Peter, John Theophilus, and the infant.

Colonel Jessup also mentions the sale to Government of the late Mr. Boileau's house and grounds, which is described as "in front of the esplanade," for the purpose of building a Town Hall on the site. The charge for passages ruled high in those days, and it is mentioned that Mrs. Boileau was to pay 4,000 rupees, which was equal at the exchange to 500*l.*, for her cabin, and when it was arranged that her sister should accompany her the cabin was enlarged to accommodate her at an additional charge of 1,000 rupees, or 125*l.* Colonel Jessup mentioned incidentally that the rupee was worth 2*s.* 7*d.*, a rate of exchange which Indians of the present day having remittances to make to England will deplore ; and not less, the rate of interest in Government Securities, which he speaks of as 8 per cent.[1] Mr. Thomas Boileau left at his

[1] A curious phase of Indian life in those days is referred to in one or two of Colonel Jessup's letters. This was the lottery system, patronised and carried on by the Government, and in which all ranks and classes participated. He writes to his son-in-law, Mr. Alexander Wright, on September 4, 1806 : "I had bought several tickets for the interest of all my children—my son and daughter, and their father and mother, and for my daughter-in-law and sons-in-law, and for all my grandchildren—and they were all blanks. But I bought two lottery-tickets after I had bought those before mentioned for myself only, and they were both prizes of 120 rupees each. Discouraging as all this may seem to be, I intend to buy two or three in the present lottery, which I believe will be ready soon to sell tickets. I am induced to try again, for I drew about 200*l.* in Pagodas three years ago, and I had but two tickets that year in that lottery ; and last year a diamond cross, the third highest prize, in the jewel lottery of Mr. Raitt, and a ring of considerable value, which we sent to Mrs. Jessup, for it was drawn to a ticket that I had bought for her." So great was the demand for lottery-tickets, that when writing a few weeks later to his son-in-law, who requested him to purchase some in the Madras lottery for himself and his children, at forty rupees each, he says : "It is fortunate that you wrote so soon as you did, for if your letter had come to me one day later there would not have been any tickets to be sold. I went

death five sons and two daughters, all very young, of whom the eldest son was Mr. Thomas E. Boileau, a judge in the Madras Civil Service, one of whose sons was the late Colonel Archibald Boileau, of the Royal (Madras) Engineers, who was present at Meeanee and Hyderabad, under Sir Charles Napier, served in the Persian War, and was Chief Engineer throughout the Central India campaign, under Lord Strathnairn. General Boileau's youngest brother was the late Major-General Alexander Henry Edmonstone Boileau, also of the Royal (Bengal) Engineers, a man of much capacity and many accomplishments, who inherited some of the talent of his famous ancestor, the poet. He made a free translation of Boileau's *Satires*, a task he achieved with an admirable wit and force, not unworthy the original. He also wrote a poetic version, in five cantos, of the Siege of Bhurtpore, at which he was present.[1]

The Boileau family have returned the hospitality extended to them by giving to the service of the country of their adoption many good and true men. In all three Presidencies of India the name of Boileau is well known, and the old connection with our great dependency is not likely to cease from want of representatives.[2]

the next morning after I received your letter to many of the great houses of business in town, and found that there had not been any tickets of the Madras lottery to be had in Calcutta, except a few at Messrs. Peter Lumsden & Co., where I had bought some before for myself."

[1] He also wrote a "Journal of Operations against Bhurtpore," the first entry being on "Sunday, October 30, 1825;" and the last, "Saturday, April 20, 1826."

[2] Among members of the Boileau family who have served with distinction in India may be mentioned the following: Colonel John Peter Boileau, of the Bengal Horse Artillery, who saw much service. Another John Peter Boileau, while serving in the Nepaul war, in 1814, engaged in single combat and killed a celebrated Nepaulese chief. The son of the former, Colonel T. T. Boileau, of the 7th Bengal Cavalry, and afterwards of the 20th Hussars, was one of the immortal Lucknow

On the arrival of Mrs. Boileau in England, she took up her residence at Bury St. Edmunds, where, in company with his younger brother, Henry, John Theophilus went to the Grammar School, then under Mr. Blomfield, father of the late Bishop of London, by whom he was treated with a paternal kindness he never forgot. During his school years he exhibited great capacity for languages, and received several prizes.

On September 3, 1819, being then a few months over fourteen, he received an Addiscombe cadetship. At that celebrated "military seminary," as it was called, he had as his contemporaries many famous men, including the brothers Sir Henry and Sir George Lawrence; also Sir Frederick Abbott, C.B., Royal Engineers (Bengal), and his brother, General James Abbott, C.B., Royal Artillery (Bengal), of Khiva and Huzara fame, who recalls the following reminiscence of his old fellow-cadet: "I have seen

garrison, and distinguished himself by his bravery throughout the siege, and especially at the disastrous action of Chinhut, which preceded it. Another son of Colonel Peter Boileau's was killed in 1853 in Burmah, in the fighting against Myatoon, when Lord Wolseley first showed the metal of which he was composed. A third was murdered in Oude by the agents of the Fyzabad Moulvie, Mansoob Ali, who was one of the guiding spirits of the Mutiny. General Brandram Boileau commanded the 22nd Regiment for eighteen years in India. General Frank Boileau, of the Bengal Artillery, also saw much service, and still (1887) survives at a great age. Three of his sons entered the Royal or Indian Army, all of whom served with distinction in India. One was killed and another received a sabre slash across the face during the Mutiny. Of his grandsons, one recently died on active service in Burmah. Colonel George Boileau commanded a column in the Oude campaign, and received promotion for distinguished conduct in the field. There is also General Neil Boileau and his brother, Major Lestock Boileau, R.E., and many younger members of the Boileau family have done good service, as Captain Thomas Boileau in Assam, and the eldest son of the late Sir John Boileau died of wound received in the Crimea while serving with the Rifle Brigade.

so little of him, and yet know so much about him, that he had become to me more like a character in history than one still awaiting the *fiat* to which all human beings are liable. In India we had seldom met, so that the image he chiefly bears in my remembrance is that of the young second lieutenant of Engineers who had just passed a splendid examination at Addiscombe, winning the prize most coveted there. This was in July (I think) 1821. The kind expression of his glance encouraged the poor young greenhorn, who never felt at home in a crowd. His figure is before me, too, as he stood in the debates then held in the barrack square, chiefly between a very unpopular cadet lately passed for Engineers, who wished to introduce the disgraceful system of fagging, and a noble fellow named Smith, who opposed the motion successfully. Boileau was always standing near on these occasions, his head turning from one to the other speaker, putting in from time to time a rapid and pertinent observation, while the crowd of cadets around cheered the speaker, whose motion addressed itself to their several sympathies. This scene always rises before me when I think of him ; and it is so buried in the sands of Time that it belongs rather to the ideal than to the world of reality. He is gone now to a happier scene, where many whom he has served in this life will have hastened to welcome him."

Those few survivors who, like General Abbott, were at Addiscombe in 1820, will recall to mind the impression created on the Court of Directors when, at the annual prize-giving in that year, the officer who has just died, by his ready answers, astonished the august rulers of India and delighted the professors, who recognised in him the most promising cadet of his year. Owing, however, to circumstances having thrown his career entirely in the civil department of the Indian service, and to his never having been so fortunate

as to see service, though frequently warned for duty, he did not achieve the honours or reap the rewards which might have been expected from a man of his professional eminence and natural ability.

On December 19 in this year he passed with distinction for the Engineers, and received prizes for Hindustani and mathematics. He was gazetted ensign on May 18, 1821, being just under sixteen years; and went through the usual course of twelve months' training at Chatham, under Sir Charles Pasley. Though a mere boy, he displayed his professional skill, and the extent to which he had profited by the instruction he received, by submitting a project for countermining the lines of Chatham. He was a favourite of the Commandant on account of his zeal and the proficiency he attained in his duties. When the pontoons were constructed and navigated down the Medway to Sheerness by the young officers, his was the first to be fitted and to find its way to that port, and for some time after he left Chatham, when the youngsters were slow, or matters went wrong, Sir Charles Pasley would scratch his head in his peculiar way and exclaim, "Gad! I wish I had young Boileau here."

On leaving Chatham, he embarked for Bengal in the ship *Moira*, and was remarkable, during the voyage, for his agility. The most daring sailor did not surpass him in feats of climbing, and there was not a "stay" between the masts up and down which he had not swarmed. And now he entered upon that active Indian career of thirty-six years, during which he did as much useful work as any of his contemporaries in the Engineers.

Service in India.—Lieutenant Boileau arrived at Calcutta on September 22, 1822, and on the 14th of the following

month proceeded to join the headquarters of the Corps of Sappers and Miners, in company with Lieutenants Sanders, of the Engineers, who was killed at Maharajpore, and Bradford (now General Sir John Bradford). It took the young officers two months to perform the journey, chiefly by budgerow or boat, to Cawnpore, where they arrived in December. In the following year (1823) he was detached to Banda, in Bundelcund, to submit a project for preventing the encroachment of the ravines on the town. He was then sent to join a detachment of Sappers employed in the construction of .the high road in the neighbourhood of Jubbulpore.

In 1824 Lieutenant Boileau was appointed Field Engineer to the Nagpore Subsidiary Force. He completed the construction of a fortified magazine, and of works in the hill fortress of Seetabuldee, and bridged the road between Nagpore and the cantonment of Kamptee. We find that, in 1825, the young officer, who had just completed his twentieth year, was appointed Executive Engineer of Public Works of the Saugor Division, and was transferred, in the same capacity, to Dinapore. He was ordered by the Commander-in-Chief to join the army then assembling before Bhurtpore, but was prevented doing so by orders sent direct from the Government of India, his services being required in the Department of Public Works. At that time there was a paucity of Engineer officers, and their duties were often performed by volunteers from other branches of the service, an Infantry officer being actually his chief. This anomalous condition of things was perpetuated when the Military Board checked the details of expenditure passed by Engineer officers of high professional attainments.

Early in 1826 Lieutenant Boileau was appointed Garrison and Executive Engineer at Agra, where he built the church of St. George, in the cantonment, the gaol, the college,

and barracks for a regiment of European infantry and two companies of artillery. All these buildings testify to his taste as an architect and his constructive skill as an engineer.

On April 23, 1829, Lieutenant Boileau was married, at Agra, to Miss Ann Hanson, daughter of Captain Hanson, a paymaster in the British service, and this union was productive of fifty-seven years of unalloyed happiness. There were twelve children born of the marriage, of whom five only survive. The life and soul of every gathering, he was happiest at home with his wife and children, for, like Wordsworth's Christian hero, his was

> A soul whose master-bias leans
> To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes.

He was never so much in his element as on the occasion of some domestic commemoration, as a birthday, or, most cherished of all, the April anniversary of his marriage. For such occasions he reserved his favourite song, "The voice of her I love," and at the fifty-seventh and last anniversary of "the happiest day of his life," as it truly was to him, just before he was seized with the illness that proved fatal, he sang it with all his old *verve* and expression. His boyish elasticity of spirits never deserted him, and his brave heart and sanguine temperament, ever looking on the bright side of things, carried him through the many trials of his fourscore years. It may here be mentioned, as a singular coincidence, that he and his brother Henry, of the Bengal Engineers, married two sisters, and were the first couples wedded in the church he built, whilst the next to be united were his friends Lieutenant R. H. de Montmorency and Lieutenant J. H. Low, then stationed at Agra, who also married on the same day two sisters, daughters of Major Revell, of Round Oak, near Windsor. The coincidence lies in the circumstance that, more than thirty years

afterwards, a daughter of the subject of this memoir was united to a son of the latter officer.

Among other duties performed by Lieutenant Boileau at this time, the palaces of the Mogul Emperors, Jehangire and Shah Jehan, inside the fortress, and the great cathedral mosque, the Jumma Musjid, were put into as complete a state of repair as was possible, considering the long neglect and consequent injury which they had suffered. He also repaired the fallen arches and roof of the quadrangle of the famous tomb of Sheikh Suleem Chistee, at Futtehpore Sikri, one of the most magnificent remains of the sepulchral architecture of the Mogul dynasty. He constructed a Court House for the Civil and Sessions Judge at Mynpooree, of which the late Sir Abraham Roberts, father of the present distinguished Commander-in-Chief in India (a competent judge, as he was then head of the Public Works Department), stated that it was the best specimen of brick and mortar work he had ever seen. It was this thoroughness that distinguished all he undertook. One of the chief objects of his appointment to Agra was the repair of the Tâj Mahal, or mausoleum of Banoo Begum, wife of Shah Jehan, whose remains also rest here—a building of grand dimensions and design, built, or rather paved, with marble, inlaid with various patterns of flowers, and bordered throughout with sentences from the Koran in exquisitely wrought Arabic letters of great size. The sight of this magnificent mausoleum, viewed by moonlight, has often excited the unbounded admiration of visitors, and surpasses in beauty anything the mind can imagine, or which, probably, exists of its kind in any part of the world. The expense of putting the building into complete repair was, however, found to be so great that the Government abandoned the project, and the scaffolding round the drum and dome of the building, which had cost upwards of 12,000 rupees, was removed. The

scaffold stood on the flat roof of the building, and was carried up so as to give access over the dome to the beautiful gilded spire, the crescent and point of which are at an elevation of 235 feet from the ground, and which were frequently visited by Captain Boileau during the time that the scaffold was standing.

An old friend and brother-officer of General Boileau sends me the following amusing reminiscence of him at this time :—

"In 1855 I was visiting the Taj, and noticed the ostrich eggs, which hung by long lines from the vaulted roof. Believing these to be objects of some dark Mussulman symbolism, which I desired to fathom, I asked the venerable custodian what their signification was. Instead of the expected explanation, he said, with joined hands, '*Khodawand, Balu Sahib Barikmaster ne lagaya*' (My lord, these were put up by Barrackmaster Boileau); whereat I fear the dome of the Taj echoed to uncontrollable laughter.

"About the same time I remember a dinner given under the arcades of the side buildings of the Taj, where Boileau, I think his brother Henry, and the late Colonel Baird Smith were three of the five or six who formed the party. A very lively and delightful party it was; and I may recall how one of them—a Lancer, who two years later fell at the head of the gallant 9th at Delhi—when our guests had departed, remarked how rare it was in India to meet with dinner-talk such as these Engineers had afforded." [1]

[1] The writer of this reminiscence is himself an officer of great acquirements, and students of the events of the Mutiny need not be reminded of the military talents of the gallant Baird Smith, who conducted the siege operations at Delhi. The Lancer officer alluded to was Colonel Robert Abercromby Yule (one of three distinguished brothers), who, in a desperate cavalry rencontre at Delhi, killed three men with his own hand, as Sir Hope Grant records

One circumstance, and one only, in connection with his Indian career, rankled in his mind, and was not in accordance with the liberal treatment "the Company" extended to their servants. Captain Boileau, having exceeded his estimates for the construction of the church and civil college by about 30,000 rupees (3,000*l.*), this sum they actually compelled him to disburse before he was permitted to leave the country on furlough. The lasting excellence of his work bears testimony to the hard treatment he received at the hands of his "honourable masters." Though often advised to petition for the refund of this large sum, which seriously crippled him, and inclined at times to do so, he was too proud ever to carry out his half-formed purpose.[1]

in his journal. Of Henry Boileau we have already spoken. He had great conversational gifts. He died a Major-General, in 1862, in India, many years before his elder brother, who spoke of him to the last with tenderness.

[1] An old friend of Gen. Boileau's here annotates as follows: "The India House used to preserve a minute record of the diaries of every officer, including extracts of all correspondence, or orders, relating to his career. In Boileau's record several pages are nearly filled with cases in which he came into collision with the Military Board, which then ruled the Public Works Department, and with their censures for excess of estimates. On one occasion they observe that 'it has been a fault of his (Boileau's) throughout his career *to attend more to the quality of his work than to its cheapness*,' a remark which is the key to the causes of offence. The predominant member of the Military Board at this time was an infantry officer, Colonel Archibald Galloway. Boileau's own regimental superiors repeatedly speak in laudatory terms of him and his work. In reference to the church which cost him so dear, the chief engineer, Sir T. Auburey, bears testimony to the extraordinary excellence of its work and material, and asserts that it 'stood unrivalled in the Upper Provinces, and even throughout India.' It may be remembered that Boileau's distinguished brother-officer, the late Col. George Thomson, was at the same time in continual and similar collision with the Military Board." (*See* Memoir of him in ROYAL ENGINEERS' JOURNAL for April 1, 1886.)

In 1834 Captain Boileau was transferred from Agra to the Bareilly Division of Public Works, and was permitted to reside at Futtehgurh, to superintend the erection of an iron suspension bridge at Khodagunj, over the East Kala Nuddee river, the expense of which was to be borne by the Nawab, Hukeem Mehndee.

In England on Furlough.—After successfully completing this work, Captain Boileau, in March 1837, proceeded to England on furlough with his family. Idleness, however, was not congenial to his temperament, and while in England he prepared and published his useful and well-known "Traverse Tables." [1]

These Traverse Tables were prepared to facilitate the computation of the areas of village lands by the officers of the Government Revenue Survey, and have gone through several editions. They were the first ever published for angular values to single minutes of arc, or to five places of decimals for distances. Their great utility, both for the above purposes and for surveying in general, has been acknowledged by letters from the United States of America, Brazil, Australia, and India, and they are in use at the Indian

[1] The exact title and scope of this work is as follows: "A new and complete Set of Traverse Tables, showing the Differences of Latitude and the Departures to every Minute of the Quadrant and to Five Places of Decimals, together with a Table of the Lengths of each Degree of Latitude and corresponding Degree of Longitude from the Equator to the Poles, with other Tables useful to the Surveyor and Civil Engineer." By Captain J. T. Boileau, H.E.I.C. Bengal Engineers. W. H. Allen and Co., Leadenhall Street, London. 1839. An Indian edition of the work had already been printed in 1836.

College for Civil Engineering at Cooper's Hill, the students of which, on the occasion of his attending one of the annual prize-days, gave a reception to the old officer which highly gratified him. Capt. Boileau also, in 1839, published in London a report of his own "On the practicability and expense of a plan proposed for constructing docks in Diamond Harbour, on the river Hooghly, and for uniting them with Calcutta by a railroad, together with an estimate for the same." This is an instance of the constant activity of mind which distinguished him.

In the year 1839 the Royal Society recommended the establishment in India of magnetic observatories to correspond with those sanctioned by Her Majesty's Government in the British Colonies, and in operation at various foreign stations in different parts of the world, and on August 9 of that year the Court of Directors of the East India Company appointed Captain Boileau to the charge of the observatory to be established at Simla, with orders to return to India after receiving instruction from Professor Lloyd, of Trinity College, Dublin, in the use and application of the magnetic instruments to be employed in the observatories about to be founded. Subsequently the supervision of the preparation of all the instruments—magnetic, meteorological, and astronomical—required for the three Indian observatories at Simla, Madras, and Singapore, with the arrangements for shipping them to India, was placed in his hands. As the report of the Committee of Physics and Meteorology of the Royal Society, although very complete in instructions for making the observations by the several instruments, did not contain the forms and instructions for registering them, Captain Boileau drew up a memorandum, setting forth in detail the books to be kept and the forms for recording the entire series of observations of the magnetic and meteorological instruments to be used

in the corresponding observations, and, in company with the late Sir Edward Sabine, took the memorandum to Sir John Herschell, who expressed his entire approbation of it, observing that "they had a body before, but that Captain Boileau had supplied the legs." Shortly after this, on March 5, 1840, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, having previously, on January 10, been made a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society.

During his later years he served on the Council of the Royal Society and gratuitously audited their accounts, and when to that eminent body, by the new scheme elaborated by the Charity Commissioners for the government of Christ's Hospital, was conceded the privilege, in common with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, of appointing a member to the governing body, under the title of Almoner, they paid General Boileau the honour of nominating him to the post, which he accepted with much gratification.

In Charge of the Simla Observatory.—In February 1840 Captain Boileau embarked for India in the ship *Hashemy* in command of a detachment of Sappers, and in company with the Engineer Officers appointed to the observatories of Madras and Singapore, and the whole of the instruments constituting the equipment of the three Indian observatories. Those for Madras and Singapore, with the officers and staff of those stations, were landed at Madras, and in the month of July 1840 the instruments and staff for the Simla Observatory reached Calcutta.

Captain Boileau delivered a lecture on Magnetism before the Governor-General, Lord Auckland, at Government House, and exhibited and explained the various instruments

before a large audience on that occasion.[1] From Calcutta he proceeded to Simla, and commenced a series of preliminary observations on magnetism and meteorology at the end of 1840. He built a permanent observatory and conducted a most extensive, varied, and careful series of magnetic and meteorological observations, which were continued until 1847. He superintended the printing of the whole of the observations taken at the Simla station, Government having made a liberal grant for the organisation of a complete printing establishment. This press was extensively employed by the Government of the North-West Provinces, and acquired a high reputation for the accuracy and neatness with which its tabular work especially was executed. After completing the object for which it was established, in connection with the Simla Magnetic Observatory, the press was transferred to the College for Civil Engineering at Roorkee. Independently of the magnetic observations, several works[2] were printed at the Simla press, and published by Captain Boileau.

The observations of the Simla station were commenced in the permanent observatory on July 1, 1841, and were

[1] The same annotator writes: "*Corbyn's Indian Journal*, in a number of that period, contains a paper on Capt. Boileau, and a capital lithographic sketch of him delivering the lecture in question, drawn by the late Mr. Colesworthy Grant. I fear this journal is hardly to be discovered now; but a copy of the portrait is in the R.E. Institute, presented by the writer of this note."

[2] The following are the works referred to: (1) A Set of Tables for Use in Magnetic, Meteorological, and Astronomical Observations. (2) A Set of Rent and Wages Tables. (3) A Set of Logarithmic Tables. (4) Tables for determining the Time by Observations of the Sun taken off the Meridian. (5) A Code of Regulations for the Department of Public Works, the first ever published in India. All the above works were computed or compiled and arranged under his personal direction and superintendence.

continued uninterruptedly for many years. The originals of the "Magnetic Observations" were destroyed by fire at Agra, in 1858, during the Mutiny. The "Meteorological Observations" were printed in England by the Indian Office, but have not been published. While at Simla, Captain Boileau carried on a close correspondence with Professor Lloyd, of Dublin, and the letters, which have passed into the hands of General Sir Henry Lefroy, are of much interest and considerable scientific importance, as appears from a perusal of them.

In 1846, while at Simla, Lord Hardinge, the Governor-General, deputed Captain Boileau to survey and examine that portion of the river Sutlej lying between the British provinces and the new one of the Jullundur Doab, with a view to the construction of a bridge in any convenient locality which might serve the communication between the two provinces at all seasons of the year. On concluding this duty he received his lordship's thanks for the report. About this time Captain Boileau was employed, in conjunction with his old Addiscombe friend, Major (now Sir) Frederick Abbott, in examining the hills between Simla and the plains, to select sites for European cantonments, and received the thanks of the Governor-General for the manner in which this duty was performed. Subsequently Captain Boileau visited the hill of Dugshai, which, on his recommendation, was adopted as the cantonment for a regiment of European infantry, for which he again received the thanks of Lord Hardinge.

A frequent and always welcome visitor at Captain Boileau's house was the late Sir Henry Lawrence, who enjoyed a well-earned relaxation from the worry of managing the intriguing and corrupt Lahore Durbar in the quiet of the Simla Observatory. Here he would pass long hours of the night in observing the stars in company with his old

Addiscombe friend, to whom he once said, "Well, Boileau, my idea of happiness is to be your assistant here." Besides their scientific tastes, the pair had in common that active sympathy for the orphan daughters of our soldiers which was the characteristic feature of General Boileau's life during his retirement in England. Sir Henry Lawrence had no more earnest coadjutor in the founding of his famous Asylum for fatherless children at Sanawur than the subject of this memoir. Other frequent guests at the Observatory were General Havelock, Sir Herbert Edwardes, and Sir John Inglis, the last two, young Officers who won their spurs in the stirring events of 1848 and 1857.

Captain Boileau took great interest in the erection of the church at Simla, which was designed and constructed by him. On its completion, Mrs. Boileau played the harmonium at the services, and for some years, when there was no chaplain available, he performed the entire service —prayers, lessons, and sermon. The good Bishop of Calcutta, Dr. Wilson, entertained a sincere regard for Captain Boileau, who conducted the services under his authority, as Lay Chaplain, and the Bishop playfully dubbed him his "Ecclesiastical Adjutant-General."

An amusing and characteristic anecdote is told of him in connection with the construction of the church at Simla. He busied himself in collecting funds for that object, and one day expressed his intention of applying for a subscription to a lady of exalted rank in the Indian hierarchy who was regarded as rather close-fisted. Meeting a high Staff Officer at the door of the lady's residence, he explained to him the object of his projected visit.

"I'll bet you anything you will not screw one anna from her ladyship," was the encouraging remark.

"Wait till I come out, and then you will see," replied Captain Boileau, who had no thought of failure.

On making application for 50 rupees to the great lady he met with a good-natured refusal. But, as usual, Captain Boileau was equal to the occasion. As he was pressing his request a ring was heard at the visitors' bell. Down plumped Captain Boileau on his knees.

"Now," he said, "I will not get up until you have promised me 100 rupees for the church."

In vain the lady, in an agony at being found in so compromising a position, implored him to rise. He was inexorable, and she made the required concession just in time to avert a scandal, though the Engineer officer's high character and eccentricities were so well known that the explanation of his conduct would have been accepted even in scandal-loving Simla.

His religion throughout his life had no tinge of that gloomy asceticism so congenial to some minds, but, like himself, it was bright and genial, while his faith in the doctrines of Christianity was as earnest and trustful as when he imbibed them at his mother's knee. For that parent, to the latest day of his life, he entertained the simple and vivid affection of his childhood, and he never spoke of her without emotion. This reverential feeling was displayed in many ways, and an amusing trait was that, throughout life, to his last Sunday on earth, he kept his best suit of clothes for wear on that day, and no power could have induced him to endue that suit on a week-day. When, only a few weeks before his death, a deputation of the Committee of the Royal School for Daughters of Officers, headed by Lord Napier of Magdala, waited on him at his residence to present an illuminated address of thanks for his services on his resigning the chairmanship, though feeble and depressed from the malady that was sapping his life, he particularly asked his son to bring out of his drawer his "second best" suit, as he said, "I must look very spruce;" but, with all

his expressed determination to do his old colleagues honour, he would never have dreamt of wearing his "Sunday clothes," because his mother taught him otherwise. He was equally old-fashioned in his unfaltering loyalty to the Queen and Royal Family, but was tolerant in all matters, religious as well as secular and political; and, so long as a man conscientiously held views differing from his own, he would respect them, and say nothing to give pain.

During Lord Ellenborough's brief tenure of the office of Governor-General in 1842-44, his lordship, desiring to introduce some improved system of cotton cultivation into India, directed Captain Boileau to inquire into, and report upon, the question. With his usual thoroughness and quickness he mastered the entire subject, inclusive of the method of cultivation, and made an exhaustive report to the Governor-General, who offered him a lucrative appointment at the head of the office he proposed to establish, but, owing to his lordship's sudden recall to England, the whole matter fell through.

And here I would record a characteristic incident. A native contractor had a claim against the Government which he could not get satisfied. Knowing Boileau's intimacy with Sir Henry Lawrence, he came to him and offered him one-tenth—a lac (some 10,000*l.*)—if he would procure him the money. "Leave me your papers," was the reply. After perusal of these, and being satisfied of the justice of the claim, Captain Boileau pleaded the cause of the contractor with his friend so successfully that he eventually obtained the entire amount claimed. True to his word, the native millionaire called on his patron and offered him the promised percentage. Conceive the astonishment of this man when the enraged officer, asking him in forcible native phraseology how he dared "to blacken his face" by offering him a bribe for furthering an act of justice, threateningly advanced

towards him with a ruler, and ordered him to leave his presence forthwith, under pain of personal chastisement, which, indeed, few could have administered with more vigour. Of this strength of arm the writer knows an instance. Some roughs at an English watering-place, seeing his daughters walking some little distance in front of him, concluded that they were without escort, and made some grossly insulting remarks to them. The infuriated father, on coming up, without counting the odds, struck one of them a blow in the face which felled him to the ground, upon which the gang, not anticipating such a reception, took to their heels.

He was frank and of a transparent honesty. He wore his heart, as the saying is, upon his sleeve, but there was an utter absence of bitterness in his composition. Rochefoucauld has said (though he has been anticipated by Massinger, in his "New Way to pay Old Debts") that the misfortunes of our friends afford us a secret gratification, but the cynic would have excepted General Boileau, or he would have exhibited a lack of discernment of character, for nothing afforded him a more sincere pleasure than the advancement of his friends, and there was not a tincture of jealousy or envy in his composition. His friend and brother-officer, Colonel Yule, once described him in the ROYAL ENGINEERS' JOURNAL in a memoir of another officer—the late "Ghuznee Thomson"—as "well known and well beloved;" and I remember how the good old man quoted to me the kindly words with a pleased satisfaction, for to be loved was what he wished and worked for throughout his long life. His joyous temperament was contagious, though his heart would swell at any tale of sorrow, and his hand was free to alleviate misery, though he never spoke of his alms, of which many instances have since his death come to light. His flow of mirth was incessant and unforced until the May

preceding his death, when began that long and depressing illness which ended fatally.

Superintending Engineer in the North-West Provinces.—In 1847 Major Boileau was appointed by Lord Hardinge Superintending Engineer of the Public Works Department in the North-West Provinces, and resided at Umballa, where his career of useful and hard work was continued without a break. He revised the system of accounts for the department, the suggested alterations being accepted by the Military Board, and their general adoption ordered; he introduced various improvements in the conservancy of military cantonments, and submitted standard plans for barracks for European troops, which were approved by the Government of India; and he designed ventilators for the European hospitals, which were adopted by Government throughout India. While holding the office of Superintending Engineer he published a Code of the Department of Public Works. This work was a most useful compilation of the various orders that had been issued by Government for the guidance of the department in past years, and it was of great use as a basis when a new and systematic Code was prepared some years later under orders of Government.[1]

In the latter part of 1850 Major Boileau was deputed by the Marquis of Dalhousie to report on the fortress of Mooltan and on the Derajat frontier, or the country lying

[1] An annotator writes: "'Boileau's Code' was a compilation and co-ordination of all the rules and orders that had been issued in a detached way by Government. He had no authority to make a systematic Code. The New Code was drawn up by a Committee systematically, though Boileau's compilation was found very useful in that task."

between the Indus and the western mountains. While engaged in examining the city and fortress of Mooltan sufficient materials were collected for the preparation of an "Epitome of the History of Mooltan," which was sent to Lord Dalhousie, and was very favourably received by the Governor-General, by the Commander-in-Chief, Sir William Gomm, and by the Court of Directors. For the military report on Mooltan and Derajat Major Boileau received great commendation, and the recommendations embodied therein were scrupulously insisted on by the Governor-General, and were carried out in spite of repeated attempts on the part of the local authorities to have them altered or modified.

In April 1851, shortly after returning from Mooltan, Major Boileau was appointed professional member of boards convened severally to submit plans for a normal military prison at Meerut, and to draw up rules for its management. The entire labour of preparing the designs and making the plans devolved upon him, as also the drafting of the rules for the management of the prison, which, after a polemical correspondence with that distinguished specialist, Sir Joshua Jebb, R.E., Inspector-General of Military Prisons in England, in which his objections to the scheme were successfully combated, the whole project as originated by Major Boileau received the approval of the India House, and the buildings were put in hand as soon as arrangements for a work of such magnitude and novelty could be completed.

Major Boileau's next important task was making an inquiry into the water supply of the cantonment of Umballa, which was causing much anxiety in consequence of reports of its diminution, and, by a careful series of measurements and examination of the water-line in the various wells, he was enabled to reassure the minds of the authorities, and to remove the alarm, almost amounting to a panic, which had

taken possession of the residents in the cantonment. For his report he received the thanks of Government. His last special service while holding the appointment of Superintending Engineer of the North-West Provinces was of an important and responsible nature. Lord Dalhousie deputed him to act as professional member of a committee, consisting of Major-General the Hon. Thomas Ashburnham, commanding the Division, and Sir George Brooke, Brigadier of Artillery, which was directed to assemble at Ferozepore, and, after a careful survey of the locality, to submit plans for a fortified arsenal. Here again the entire labour of surveying, levelling, preparation of maps and plans devolved on Major Boileau. Those who knew him in later life need not be informed—*cela va sans dire*—that he wrote the report and did all the work, while his gallant coadjutors smoked their cheroots and "signed the report." Needless also to add that this was what he preferred, and any interference would have been unpalatable. Everything was completed in three weeks from the date of the arrival of the Committee at Ferozepore, and the report was approved in its entirety by the authorities.

At the large military station of Umballa, where several regiments and batteries were stationed, he indulged his hospitable instincts, and every week had pleasant dinner-parties and musical gatherings, at which the late Sir Hope Grant, then commanding the 9th Lancers, would perform in his admirable style on the violoncello, whilst his host displayed his skill on the violin or flute, accompanied by Mrs. Boileau. Among other constant guests at his hospitable table were Sir George Edmonstone; Sir Harry Smith; Sir Archibald Little and Generals Sarel and Drysdale, of the 9th Lancers; General Halifax, of the 75th Regiment; Sir John Fordyce, Sir Harry Tombs, and Generals Huyshe, Cox, and Horsford, all of the Artillery. Most of these Officers attained distinction during

the memorable struggle known as the Indian Mutiny. A still more famous guest was that redoubtable but somewhat eccentric warrior Sir Charles Napier, Commander-in-Chief between 1849 and 1852, who found much to interest him in Colonel Boileau, and on one occasion sent a characteristic message to him by a friend going to Umballa: "Give my love to Boileau; he hates the Military Board as much as I do."

At his own table, as in society, he was always brimming over with fun, and he relieved the dulness almost inseparable from the anniversary meetings at which he presided by his genial witticisms and jovial manner. His spirits were inexhaustible, his *bons mots* often excellent, and his sallies irresistibly comic; but they were without a spice of malice, while he had a story of every famous personage he had met during the thirty-six years, between 1821 and 1857, embracing his service in India. Now, alas! as we recall his mirth and anecdotes, one is reminded of Hamlet's words:—

> Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?

Chief Engineer at Agra.—On the reorganisation of the Department of Public Works in the year 1854, Colonel Boileau received from the Marquis of Dalhousie the appointment of Chief Engineer of the North-West Provinces, with his head office at Agra. He organised a system of road-tolls for the Provinces and framed rules for the guidance of the officers of the department. The system, which had never before been tried in the Bengal Presidency, worked well, and was a source of revenue to the Government,

but, being unpopular, was swept away at the time of the Mutiny.

Among the Engineer Officers, since risen to fame, who were under his orders at Umballa and Agra were Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala and Generals George Chesney and Maclagan.

Colonel Boileau devoted much of his time to gratuitous work in the cause of religion during his stay in India. We have referred to his labours on the church at Simla. He also assisted in the formation of the Himalayan Mission, and was its first honorary secretary, and afterwards trustee. He also superintended the construction of a new church in the civil lines at Agra, and of a mission church for the Church Missionary Society at that station.

In 1855 he succeeded to the command of the Corps of Bengal Engineers, and in 1856 was appointed Honorary Consulting Engineer to the Maharaja of Jeypore, and received a complimentary letter from the Government of India for offering to fulfil the duties without pay. By a Government General Order, dated February 24, 1857, Colonel Boileau was permitted to retire from the service with the rank of Major-General, and on relinquishing his office of Chief Engineer was presented with a cordial and grateful address by the seventy-six clerks of the Agra Establishment. At their request he sat for a full-length portrait on his return to England, which is now placed in a public library at Allahabad, the present seat of Government.

He suffered considerable loss during the Mutiny, for having left for sale a quantity of silver plate in a godown, when the mutineers advanced upon Agra and the Europeans took refuge in the fort, an old dependant, who had been in his service ever since his first arrival in India, fired the goods before joining the rebels, but paid for his treachery with his life.

Many are the anecdotes told of General Boileau during

his Indian career, all indicative of those exuberant spirits and that Falstaffian sense of humour which were so characteristic of him. Of some of these anecdotes it may be said, *Se non è vero è ben trovato*, but the very fact of their being fathered on him proves how general was the idea that nothing was too funny for him to do or say. But though some of these anecdotes are preposterous enough never was anything ill-natured or unkind attributed to "old Boileau," as he was affectionately called by his numerous friends. One story is, however, true, and it is eminently characteristic of him. On one occasion, when a young officer, as he was travelling up-country by "Palkee Dawk"—in the days before the iron horse had set his hoof on the strand of India—he arrived at midnight at a stage where there were no bearers. In vain he sent in search of them. None were to be had for love or money. Boileau was, however, equal to the occasion. He sent for the village *kotwal*, and, on the arrival of that civic functionary, poked his night-capped head out of the *palkee* and demanded if he knew who he was. The *kotwal* replied, with ill-concealed irritation at having been roused out of his sleep, that he neither knew nor cared. "Well," said the Engineer officer with well-assumed seriousness, "I am the *Bilayatée bawarchee* (European cook) of the Lord Sahib"—as the Governor-General is called among the natives—"and, if breakfast is not prepared for him at the next stage when he arrives, look out for your head, that's all." The change in the manner and tone of the *kotwal* was instantaneous and remarkable. In a few minutes a full relay of bearers was brought, and soon the pseudo Lord Sahib's *bawarchee* was *en route* for his destination. Many similar stories of his fun and readiness might be told, but some, as we have said, may be regarded as apocryphal. Truly, he was a man "of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."

We have given some estimate of the good work General Boileau rendered to Government during the thirty-six years of his Indian career, now brought to a close. Churches, bridges, public offices, court-houses, gaols, magazines, barracks, fortifications, roads, and every species of public works, at a time when India was almost a virgin field for the exercise of engineering talent, and the present vast and expensive Public Works Department had no existence —all these did the subject of this memoir design and construct with conspicuous success. From the time of Lord Amherst, the Governor-Generals under whom he served employed him on commissions demanding high professional capabilities, and in no instances did he disappoint their expectations, though in some cases other officers reaped the *kudos*. However, he always said he did not work for honours, but was quite satisfied with the approbation of the Governors under whom he served, which, he would add, was sufficient reward for any public servant.

Return to England.—Sailing from Calcutta, in the ship *Marlborough*, in the beginning of March 1857, he landed at Gravesend on July 17. And now began the second and not less important period in the life of General Boileau, in which he performed duties he was peculiarly qualified to fulfil, alike from his practical business habits and from his philanthropic instincts. He settled eventually at 31 Ladbroke Square, Notting Hill, where he had resided twenty-one years at the time of his death.

General Boileau threw himself with his accustomed zeal into charitable work. In August 1858 he was elected on the committee of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home at Hampstead, and in the year 1863, on the death of Major the Hon. H. L. Powys-Keck, the founder, an old Indian friend of his, was appointed chairman of the Institution, to which office he was re-elected for twenty-three successive years, until death

removed him. In the year 1872 he joined the committee of the Royal School for the Daughters of Officers of the Army, situated at Lansdown, Bath, with a branch, since abolished at Clarence House, Roehampton, and in the year 1880 became chairman, in succession to General Sir Henry Lefroy, appointed Governor of Tasmania. To this office, also, he was re-elected annually.

Carlyle, in his "Frederick the Great," speaking of genius, said that it "means transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all." The truth of this definition was illustrated in this useful life.

On December 12, 1860, Major-General Boileau was enrolled in the 1st Middlesex (Victoria) Rifle Volunteers. The late Duke of Wellington, honorary colonel of the Victorias, pressed him to accept the command of the corps, but he declined, as he considered he would be doing better service to the Volunteer movement, then in its infancy, by serving at his age in the ranks, and "Private Major-General Boileau" continued to attend with a regularity that put to the blush many younger men, until a severe and prolonged illness in 1866 compelled him to apply for his discharge, when by a unanimous resolution of the Regimental Committee he was nominated an honorary member of the corps. During the six years that he served in the ranks of the Victorias he regularly attended drills, parades, and shooting-matches, and gained many prizes. He attended the review at Brighton in 1862, and was the subject of the cartoon in *Punch* in which, as "Mr. Buffles," the gallant but rather stout officer is represented as toiling up the side of a hill, which was to be occupied by the "Vics." On the same memorable occasion he was selected for the responsible post of sentry over the cask of ale, on the rendezvous-ground, a duty which he performed to the entire satisfaction of the officer in command! At the time of General Boileau's death a letter was received by his family

from the headquarters of the Victoria Rifles deploring his illness, in which occurs the following passage: "I believe he was one of the first to set an example to the Army in encouraging the Volunteer movement, and for that, I am sure, he deserves and has the thanks not only of the corps he patronised but of the whole Service." With his patriotic instincts—for he always set country above party, though in politics a Conservative with Liberal proclivities—this testimony would have gratified him exceedingly. Speaking of politics, in which he was never keen, we may say that, though a staunch defender of "Church and State as by law established," he was not an acrimonious party man, but would often declare that "he was no politician." It was enough that politics but too often estranged friends for "old Baloo,"[1] as he would call himself, to eschew the unpalatable subject, and I have heard him express his regret when, on one or two occasions, he was induced, at the urgent solicitation of a candidate for Parliamentary honours, to depart from his general rule and preside at a political meeting.

On June 11, 1867, General Boileau was elected on the Kensington Vestry, and, with his usual thoroughness, he entered into parish work, as he felt he could be useful in a variety of ways to his fellow-citizens. No long time elapsed before his colleagues recognised his business capabilities, while his geniality and unfailing *bonhomie* endeared him to every member of a body drawn from different classes of the community. On the institution of the Special Purposes Committee in 1873 he was elected chairman, and *ex officio* became member of all the other committees, and was necessarily thus brought into contact with all the officials taking part in the administrative work of the parish. He never, however, would undertake work he could not con-

[1] This was the universal native pronunciation of his name. His brother Henry used to be called *Chota Baloo* ("Little Bear") and John Theophilus *Burra Baloo* ("Big Bear").

scientiously accomplish, but the duties of the Law and Parliamentary Committee were after his heart, and he astonished the eminent lawyers (including Q.C.s) who were his colleagues by his knowledge of legal matters. Indeed, I have seen him, at his own table, argue, and often successfully, with a learned ecclesiastical lawyer, a D.C.L. of Oxford, on matters of Church law.

When the question of erecting a new Town Hall for the "Old Court Suburb" was brought forward, General Boileau was unanimously elected chairman of the Building Committee, and his practical business abilities and knowledge of the details of specifications, plans, and "quantities" were put to the test in this important work. Almost daily he would attend during the erection of the handsome building which adorns the High Street of Kensington, constructed at a cost of 40,000*l.*, but which, as he predicted, has been a good investment to the ratepayers from the rent of the rooms, besides affording commodious offices for the increasing business of the borough and a fine hall for public meetings and entertainments. The Town Hall and offices were opened for the transaction of business on August 7, 1880, the ceremony being performed by Her Royal Highness Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, in the presence of a large assembly of parishioners, when a statement was made by General Boileau. In recognition of his arduous and successful labours the members of the vestry subscribed for a marble bust, which was executed by Mr. Thomas Brock, and now stands in the Council Chamber. A suitable inscription, with his coat-of-arms, was placed at the foot of the bust, which presents an excellent likeness of "the General."

On the Kensington Vestry he remained, in spite of repeated warnings by his doctor that the work, especially the Wednesday night meetings, was too much for him, until within a few months of his death, when, much to his regret, he felt compelled to resign his seat. The vestry passed the following

resolution of the Special Purposes Committee in his honour: "That this Committee desire to express their regret at the retirement of Major-General J. T. Boileau, R.E., F.R.S., from the Chairmanship of the Committee, which position he has filled from its formation, thirteen years since, and by his great experience, sound judgment, and universal kindness and courtesy, has not only rendered considerable service to the Committee but to the parishioners at large; and the Committee, while cordially acknowledging Major-General Boileau's valuable services, earnestly hope that in his retirement he will enjoy health and happiness many years to come." The hope thus expressed was not destined to be realised, but he retained to the last a kindly remembrance of his late colleagues.

Those who were associated with him in public duties will agree that his aptitude for business amounted almost to genius, and the word is not misapplied if one accepts the definition of that gift ascribed to the "Sage of Chelsea." The rapidity and facility with which, as chairman, he could transact business was only equalled by the accuracy which distinguished all his work. In this connection I remember an incident which shows the extent to which this gift was recognised by his colleagues on boards and committees. One day, at the time of the death of Sir John Thwaites, chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, Sir James McGarel Hogg, M.P. (then Lieutenant-Colonel Hogg), who had been a member of the committee of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home since its foundation, was discussing with him, in my presence, at the offices, No. 7 Whitehall, the chances of different candidates for the vacant post, to which he succeeded a few days later, when Colonel Hogg said: "They ought to make you chairman, General. No one is so well qualified for the post." Of course this was said half in banter, as General Boileau was not a member of the Board of Works, but it showed the estimate

of his business capacity formed by a good judge. He had to an eminent degree the gift which so distinguishes our Indian public services, of writing a minute or a resolution; and once written offhand, it never required any revision or improvement. Reports emanating from his hand were distinguished by clearness, perspicuity, and force, and there was never a redundant word. It was the same with his speaking at the Kensington Vestry—a small Parliament, consisting of 120 members—and at public meetings. He would go straight to the point, and had a horror of "beating about the bush," as he would say. In business he prided himself on being exclusively guided by "principle," and nothing would excite his ire so much as "sentiment," which, he would declare, was out of place in the consideration of practical questions. And yet, with the contrariety of our natures, he was the tenderest-hearted of men, and had difficulty in controlling his emotion if anything touched his heart.

His Work at the Soldiers' Daughters' Home and the Royal School for Officers' Daughters.—The combination of practical business habits and tenderness of heart, mentioned above, was exemplified in his work in connection with the two noble charities of which he was so many years the chairman. In their welfare he took the chiefest interest, as he felt that he was doing good and befriending those who were least able to help themselves. He delighted in anything that gave trouble provided the welfare of these institutions was promoted thereby. But, above all, his devoted work at the Soldiers' Daughters' Home at Hampstead can never be forgotten by those who were associated with him. At any hour of the day or night, and in any weather, he would go up to the Home, if his presence was required, and as long as his strength permitted, and would sometimes walk the whole distance

from his residence at Notting Hill before breakfast. On occasions of sorrow and of joy at the Home he was never absent, and he was ever at the beck and call of the excellent matron, with whom he worked in unbroken harmony for the twenty-three years he occupied the chair. Of any other man it might be said, *Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo*; but the saying did not apply to General Boileau. He found relaxation only in hard work. The annual trip to the seaside was a period of purgatory to him, and he would write exultingly as the day approached for the return to town and the sight of his "red chickens," as he called the girls in allusion to the colour of their dresses.

In the simple life histories of those interesting young inmates of the Home could be read the military annals of this mighty Empire. During the long period that had passed since General Boileau assumed the chairmanship, the Home had received within its sheltering walls the helpless victims of numberless sanguinary fields in every clime of the globe. Here were gathered the orphan children of the great Crimean and Indian campaigns, when the country put forth her full strength to curb the ambition of the great power of the North, and struggled desperately with the mutinous native soldiery who made so bold an attempt to wrest from us the great dependency won by a century of effort and sacrifice. Here also could be seen the children whose fathers died storming New Zealand pahs or the Peiho forts. Later chapters in "our island story" are unfolded as we regard little girls made fatherless by the campaigns against Afghans, Ashantees, Zulus, Boers, Egyptians, and Soudanese Arabs. One interesting child was the daughter of a brave soldier, Sergeant-Major of the 1st Dragoon Guards, who, had he survived the desperate attempt to storm the Boer position at Laing's Nek, would have received a commission. The fathers of others died gloriously facing countless odds on the disastrous fields of

Isandhlwana and Maiwand, names with which the 24th and 66th Regiments are imperishably associated. The young mother of one of these fatherless ones died broken-hearted within a few weeks of her gallant husband, a Colour-Sergeant of the 66th, a splendid specimen of a soldier. The sanguinary battles in the Soudan claimed their victims, who left legacies of helpless orphans to their country's care, and some of these have found shelter in the Hampstead Home. Their "simple annals," and those of their sisters in misfortune, formed the incentive to ceaseless exertions on their behalf by the good man now no more.

On June 18, 1880, at the annual meeting at Hampstead, the committee and subscribers made a presentation to the Home of a portrait of their chairman, painted by Mr. Sydney Hodges (which now hangs in the dining hall) together with an illuminated address [1] to General Boileau and a silver salver to Mrs. Boileau, in commemoration of the day. The presentations were respectively made by General Sir William Codrington, President of the Home, and General Sir Daniel Lysons, an active member of the committee.

[1] The parchment scroll, which is signed by all the subscribers, states that the presentation was made "in recognition of the constant, devoted, and valuable services rendered by Major-General J. T. Boileau, R.E., F.R.S., to the Soldiers' Daughters' Home during the twenty-two years he has been on the Committee of that establishment, for the last seventeen of which period he has been the Chairman." Sir Daniel Lysons said, in the course of his brief but feeling speech: "In future days, when we may all have passed away, when those little girls in their little red dresses may have become old women, and have given place to other little girls in other little red dresses, I hope this parchment will still remain in his family as a record of the good services he has rendered to his fellow-creatures, and that it will induce others to devote their time and their energies to good works, as he has done; and that the future inmates of this Institution will look up to that portrait and say, 'That good man was a true friend to the Soldiers' Daughters' Home.'"

Six years later, to a day, the anniversary meeting was held under sadder circumstances; for then the good old man who had so well earned the eulogy of his fellow-men was lying on a sick-bed, and unable, for the first time during twenty-eight years, to attend at the Home. On that occasion Lord Napier of Magdala, President of the Institution, referred in the following feeling terms to his services: "What I can possibly do is as nothing compared with what our friend General Boileau has done for these children. In India, when a man wishes to express the deepest obligation, he says: 'You are my father and mother;' which expresses everything that can possibly be said. Now General Boileau has been a father and mother to this Institution for twenty-three years."

All his own servants were drawn from "the Home," and he would always declare that they were unsurpassed by the most experienced domestics the registry offices of London could provide; and this opinion, as likewise that while at Hampstead the girls of no institution in England could compete with them in good behaviour, was a cardinal point of his belief. He cared for those girls while in his service as if they were his own daughters; and to the last, rather than permit them to go out in the wet or late at night, would post his own letters. And he always cleaned his own boots and brushed his own clothes, as he did not like their performing menial offices for him. For this consideration for them and interest in their welfare he considered himself amply repaid by their love for him, of which many instances might be recorded—as the jealousy of one during his last illness, lest the nurse, on her arrival in the house a few days before his death, should be permitted to perform little offices for him which had been her privilege; and the touching incident that every Home girl in service in the metropolis who knew of his death, sent a wreath to be laid on the coffin of their best friend.

At General Boileau's residence a room was converted into an office; and the piles of boxes and nests of drawers, reaching to the ceiling, and the twenty thick folio volumes of copied letters, attest to some extent the prodigious amount of gratuitous but congenial public labour in which he employed his time. From 5 or 6 A.M. till within an hour of midnight he could be found, when not engaged on committees or on business, in his *sanctum*, up to his elbows in letters, and reports, and tabular statements, and analyses, and statistics, or anything that gave trouble, provided only the two noble charities whose welfare was nearest to his heart were benefited by his labours. He would attend all services held for the benefit of those charities and hand round the plate, and even—a thing which he hated—would be present at bazaars throughout the day, interesting visitors in the charities and assisting to sell the fancy articles, though we must confess, as a truthful biographer, that this was about the only one of his public duties in the execution of which he did not shine.

His capacity for work was truly phenomenal, and not less was his ardent love for what was medicine and the breath of life to him. But, nevertheless, he loved the society of his family and friends; and if any of the latter called, he would either *join them* in the drawing-room, if press of business permitted, or would invite the visitor or relative into his "den" for a few minutes' chat. Alike on Sundays as on week-days, I never entered the house but the cheery voice would hail me to come in; and he would lay aside his pen—which on that day he only employed according to the Scriptural maxim, in works of charity—and discuss such affairs of "the Home" or any other matter as at the time engrossed his attention.

As Antæus, according to the classic fable, acquired new strength in his battle with Hercules by contact with his

mother-earth, so the good General, when wearied with over-work, would betake himself to "the Home," where, surrounded by the smiling faces and greeted by the happy voices of his "red chickens," he would derive fresh stimulus for the battle of life. For many years before his health began to break he made a practice of going up to Hampstead, in addition to his constant week-day visits, on Sunday afternoons, when the children attended the Bible-classes under their lady teachers—a sight which always greatly interested him.

His "capacity for taking trouble" was exemplified very recently in the amalgamation of the two establishments of the Royal School for Officers' Daughters at Bath and Roehampton. On pecuniary considerations the latter branch was closed, and a wing was added to the buildings at Bath, where the entire body of 120 pupils was domiciled. All the details of the measure and the negotiations for the termination of the lease of Clarence House, at Roehampton, were conducted by General Boileau, under whose supervision the buildings were erected. At his advanced age of fourscore, with accumulating infirmities, he would almost weekly journey down to Bath by the 9 A.M. train, returning late at night. It was little short of marvellous that, after thirty-six years of unsparing service in a tropical climate, he should be able to devote twenty-eight years to equally arduous but gratuitous labours, making sixty-four years of public life. There was no slackening of the strain on mind and body during this lengthened period, and he died, as he wished, in harness; for, like a brother-officer of the Engineers, the great Gordon, he prayed that he might not "flicker out."

In the young ladies at Bath he took as strong a personal interest as in the children at Hampstead, and his family will recall his bitter grief at the death, a year or so ago, of a promising pupil, after a few days' illness.

He felt her loss almost as acutely as if she had been one of his daughters, and could not speak of her without emotion.

His Last Illness and Death.—In May of his last year on earth began the illness which proved fatal. There were fluctuations in his condition, but it became painfully apparent that his days were numbered, and though to all inquiries he would reply that he was better and had no pain, the doctor said he must have suffered acutely at times, whilst his silence and depression told a tale of broken health and dejected spirits. During those six long and weary months not a word of complaint nor an exclamation of irritation or impatience passed his lips. In sickness and on his death-bed, as during the trials of a long life, he was a beautiful example of unmurmuring resignation. Such an illness was hard to bear for a man of his restless, energetic temperament. For one who had worked regularly from 6 A.M. to 11 P.M., and who abhorred amusement of any sort, to be suddenly turned into an invalid, with the power of work abstracted from him, was indeed a trial, but he bowed uncomplainingly to the will of a Higher Power. He who wrote reports and drafted resolutions with a facility which the writer never saw approached by any man, now could with difficulty be brought to write a brief letter. He was a man of few words on religious matters, as his practical nature had no sympathy with what I may call subjective religion. When asked on one occasion to pray with his friend the good vicar of St. John's, he replied, "I have made my peace with God."

The one cause for anxiety, which embittered his last days on earth, was the thought that those who were dear to him would be left in very straitened circumstances. He rarely referred to the subject, though once he exclaimed, "I have been a fool with my money." But he had no cause for self-

reproach, as he had tried to do his best for his family in the investments he made. He was unselfish to a fault as regards personal expenditure, and unsparing in his exertions to increase his limited income.

Recalling to mind the circumstances under which his great pecuniary losses befell him some twenty years ago, I remember the noble fortitude with which he bore that great trial. He was just recovering from a very severe and prolonged illness, and, as there was a threatening of apoplexy, his family feared the effect the shock might have upon a man of his excitable temperament, and put off making the announcement as long as was possible. But it could not be deferred indefinitely, and when he asked to see the papers again, the time had come to make it. They very soon found that their fears were groundless. They had not given him credit for that serene resignation under adversity which is the noblest attribute of great minds. The Latin poet says that the gods delight in the spectacle of a good man battling against what Shakespeare calls "the whips and scorns of fortune." Without a murmur, but only with the words, "It is the will of God," this true Christian, in the hour of physical weakness, with its accompanying mental depression, received the sad news of the irreparable blow to his fortunes in his old age. His fortitude came as a welcome surprise and as a lesson to all who witnessed the scene. Though never affluent, he had been accustomed to competence, and while in India his pay and allowances were ample. In England, also, he had sufficient for comfort, but from this time forward the *res angusta domi* pressed heavily upon him, and he had to curtail his expenses. Personally he had few wants, and the Horatian maxim, *Serviet æternum, quia parvo nesciet uti*, did not apply to him, but henceforth the luxury of being hospitable and generous was denied to him. He had other pecuniary losses besides that caused by the bank failure, and so in his declining

years was compelled to undertake the auditorship of some City Companies. To return to him as he was during the last few months of his life.

He would sit for hours in his study alone, as of yore, but how changed! Mechanically he would take up his pen, but the disinclination to use it grew upon him as the fatal malady advanced. It was inexpressibly sad to watch him, even when sitting amidst his family, wholly abstracted from the conversation going on around him, so different to his old self, when anything, even the most trivial, that interested them engaged his attention. Thus he would sit with his right hand resting on the oak stick he used about the house, his eyes having the "far-off look" that spoke of a mind intently occupied with other meditations.

It was long before he could bring himself to consent to the mandate of his skilful medical adviser, Dr. Sinclair Thomson, that he must resign the chair of the Royal School, as the labour and anxiety were too much for his no longer vigorous health; but in June of this year he yielded to the inevitable. The committee, on learning that his decision was irrevocable, passed a resolution of which they presented him with an illuminated and framed copy,[1] and

[1] In this resolution, dated June 15, 1886, occur the following passages: "The members of the Committee are but too well aware that the step which recent illness has made compulsory on him deprives them of the services of one who for many years has directed their deliberations with all possible courtesy, tact, and judgment. They feel that the amalgamation of the Clarence House and Bath Schools at the latter place, and the success attendant thereon, have been mainly due to the ability and untiring zeal displayed by General Boileau. The Committee, whilst lamenting the resignation of General Boileau, a feeling shared in alike by the entire staff and by the pupils, whose happiness and welfare have formed the object of his loving and tender solicitude, must congratulate him on the successful completion of the work which he set himself to accomplish with unsparing devotion. The

nominated him a Vice-Patron of the Institution. The presentation took place at his residence only a few weeks before his death, and was made by a deputation consisting of his old Indian friend, Lord Napier of Magdala, General Sir Beauchamp Walker, General Sir Edward Hodge, and General Sawyer. The old man, now broken in health and with little left of his former vivacity, was deeply affected at this mark of esteem from his late colleagues, and the feeling manner in which Lord Napier, the veteran hero of so many fights, held his hand in both his own during the presentation, while he addressed him in a few cheering words, touched him to the heart. It is an affecting incident that, seven days before his death, on his way, for the last time, from his study to his bedroom, he walked into the empty drawing-room, perused the words of the address, then that of the committee and subscribers to the Soldiers' Daughters' Home presented to him six years before, which hung beside it, and then silently and slowly proceeded to his chamber. His work was done, and the old man, feeble with the weight of more than eighty years, laid him down on his bed, which he was never to quit in life. On the following morning—it was Sunday, October 31—when he strove to rise, he found he was unequal to the task, and his son, Major Boileau, who had tended him throughout his long illness with assiduous

Royal School at Bath, as now organised, has the prospect of a bright and successful career. The Committee trusts that General Boileau will derive comfort in dwelling on the thought that the respect and affection of those with whom he has worked have been obtained by the thorough and efficient performance of his duties as Chairman, and in saying good-bye to him as such they express their sincere hope that he may be spared for many years to aid with his advice the government of the School. In conclusion, the Committee have the pleasure of informing General Boileau that he has been unanimously elected a Vice-Patron of the School, and that they hope he will allow his name to be enrolled accordingly."

and affectionate care, of which he spoke to me with emotion, advised him to remain in bed until he had seen the doctor. Some of the old spirit revived in him as he said, "I don't want to be laid by." But he found he could not stand, so was fain to yield to the gentle remonstrance. A few words suffice to tell the end of this useful life.

On the following Tuesday morning he refused to take anything, and only on word being brought to him that Mrs. Boileau, who lay ill in another room and was unable to see him again, begged as a favour that he would drink a little milk, was he induced to take the last nourishment that passed his lips. It was "the ruling passion strong in death." Once during the evening, peeping through the open door into the quiet room, in which at the time he was alone, I saw the dying man, lying on his back, with his eyes closed and his hands raised and clasped in silent prayer, like some effigy of a saint of old. It was a solemn and touching sight, and during this and the following day, while the power remained to him, he might be seen constantly thus engaged, oblivious of all around him, and intent only in commune with his Maker. Indeed, during the past few months, since his increasing weakness had robbed him of his spirits and power of locomotion, he would, even while sitting at table, be engaged in prayer, as was evident by the moving lips and absorbed manner. On the following day he was unable to articulate or swallow, and on Thursday the laboured breathing and great restlessness set in which were the precursors of death. But his constitution was of iron, and his pulse beat marvellously full and regular to the last. On Saturday a merciful unconsciousness set in, and it was with a sense of relief to those present that, at 3.25 on Sunday morning, November 7, he tranquilly passed away. Most of the watchers, including the nurse, not anticipating any immediate change, and wearied out, had retired to snatch

a little repose, and two only were beside his bed when a sudden relaxation came over the pain-racked features. In an instant, without a struggle or movement or groan, he was gone. He simply ceased to breathe. It was a peaceful ending at the last.

It had been a wet and stormy week, ending with a tempestuous night, but as the daylight stole over the now calm white face, and the silent chamber, the morning broke bright and sunny, and the birds from the garden at the back of the house, overlooked by the window of the room in which he died, burst out into a glad song. It was a fitting requiem to the unostentatious dead. The day was the one in the week which he loved best, and the still beauty and balmy freshness of the morning brought with it into the hearts of the mourners a sense of relief, almost of serene joy, as they stood round the motionless figure which had entered on

> The first dark day of nothingness,
> The last of danger and distress.

Estimate of his Character and Life-work.—My object in writing these brief memoirs of a good man now gone to his rest is to place before his sorrowing family and friends, and the larger world which knew him only by his work, a correct impression—"in his habit as he lived"—of one whom to know was to love. The portrait is authentic, and, withal, not overdrawn, though the work of a friendly hand. That it may also be considered lifelike by those who knew him is my hope, as I would faithfully delineate a beautiful and in many respects unique character, the features of which even ineffective treatment cannot deface. I have no desire to depict General Boileau as the

faultless creature, from the contemplation of which he himself would have turned with contempt, as exaggerated and false to nature. Indeed, he was intensely human, and his composition was not without that alloy of earth which is found in all sons of Adam. But his greatest enemy—though we are not aware that he had one on this earth—could only have accused him of a certain volatile manner, which probably militated in some degree against his success in life. Yet in everything he undertook he attained eminence, and was distinguished alike as an engineer, scientist, man of business, and philanthropist. So great were his natural gifts and superior his intelligence, he would have filled almost any post with distinction; though it was his misfortune, as a soldier, never to have seen any active service. But, as Milton says, "Peace hath its victories no less renowned than war," and he achieved many triumphs on its bloodless fields.

General Boileau's versatility was no less remarkable a feature of his character than the range and scope of his knowledge. He was a good classic, considering how limited were his opportunities for reading during his busy life; and from the storehouse of his wonderful memory he would spin out long passages from the Latin authors whom he studied when a boy at Bury St. Edmunds Grammar School, *Consule Planco*, in Dr. Blomfield's time, seventy odd years ago. Regarding that love for the classics, which he retained throughout his life, I remember his telling me with glee that he had met a ragged wretch in the streets who, on his refusing him alms on the ground that he had been taken in a few days before by a beggar, rolled out in a rich Irish brogue as he walked away, *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit!* This unexpected but aptly applied quotation from Pliny drew the desired coin from the pocket of the General, who was only too ready to respond to an appeal to his charit-

able instincts, and to the last was frequently a victim to his good-natured credulity.

To return to the subject of his acquirements. He was an excellent mathematician and French scholar, and had read a good deal of Persian literature; and he would recite, with faultless pronunciation and expression, passages from Hafiz—his favourite poet in the language of the "Italian of the East." The colloquial Hindustani of India he spoke with fluency and correctness. I was present with him in the India Office box at the thanksgiving service at St. Paul's Cathedral on the recovery from sickness of the Prince of Wales, and heard an Indian Rajah, next to whom General Boileau sat throughout the service, declare that he spoke better Hindustani than any Englishman he ever met.[1] This arose from his natural capacity for language and the great familiarity he had acquired in his early days in India.

I have already said that he had considerable musical accomplishments. He played the flute and violin, though he gave them up when he quitted India, as his time was entirely occupied with more serious pursuits. So correct was his ear that (as I was told by a relative of mine) he tuned her piano at Agra in the year 1830.

We have touched on his scientific attainments, specially meteorology, magnetism, and astronomy. He was a constant attendant at the meetings of the Royal Society; and at the time artillerists were engaged on the question of the best grooving for our rifles he was an authority on the subject, and himself invented a rifle, a pattern of which he presented to the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution. It may here be noted, also, that he frequently

[1] An annotator writes: "There is no mistake about his Hindustani. I never knew any Englishman speak it with such a vernacular swing. And his memory was full of old Hindu rhymes and adages. This applied also in great measure to his brother Henry."

presided at the lectures given in the theatre of that valuable institution, on the Council of which he served for many years, and took an active part in the discussions at the evening meetings. He was always proud of having been chairman when two of the most valuable inventions for the national defences were introduced to the public notice. One was at the lecture given on March 18, 1867, by the late Sir William Palliser, 18th Hussars, "On the Conversion and Rifling of Cast-iron Ordnance, and a Chilled White-iron Projectile." The other important lecture at which he took the chair was that delivered on June 3, 1867, by Colonel Moncrieff, C.B., F.R.S., describing his "Protected Barbette System," of which the chief feature was his great invention of the disappearing gun-carriage, which has been adopted by the nation. With this officer he formed a close and affectionate intimacy, and the feelings of the survivor were manifest at the sad ceremony at Kensal Green Cemetery, as he stood, uncovered, by the open grave of his lost friend.

Though an ardent man of science, General Boileau's heart was engrossed in his philanthropic labours, and to these he would turn with never-fading freshness and zest. Other religious or charitable societies that occupied his time were the "Army and Navy Scripture Readers' Society," the "Royal Engineers' Charitable Fund," on the committee of which he served; the "Naval and Military Bible Society," of which, with Admiral Fishbourne, C.B., he was joint secretary; and the "Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb," in Oxford Street, of which he was the treasurer. In all of these he ever took a deep and practical interest.

An acute man of business, who had been associated with General Boileau for more than 20 years, wrote to me: "He was an exceptional man, so abounding in vitality and

so sympathetic that he made his presence felt to an extraordinary degree."

In his habits General Boileau was simple to the point of austerity, and his personal wants were few. He always said that a deal table and chair were sufficient for any man's needs, and the furniture of his own uncarpeted dressing-room, which was as comfortless an apartment as the veriest ascetic could desire, consisted of little else. Here, in the early morning, he would make his own coffee or tea, and heat the water for himself and Mrs. Boileau. His chest of drawers was, nevertheless, the perfection of tidiness, and he advocated the old maid's axiom, "a place for everything and everything in its place." When Mrs. Boileau was ill he would sleep for weeks or months in a chair, or on an ottoman sofa at the foot of her bed, wrapped in a rug, and the hard, narrow iron bed he occupied during his last illness was similar to that in which the great Duke of Wellington expired.

Among his chief friends was the late Lord Lawrence. Almost every week, during the last years of the life of that great Indian Viceroy, General Boileau would breakfast with his lordship, and discuss events of the times before the Mutiny, and friends who had joined "the majority," whose ranks they have since swelled. He had been at Addiscombe with the elder brothers, Sir Henry and Sir George Lawrence; and the latter, who survived the other two, lived near to his life-long friend, and was on terms of the closest intimacy with him. But now all these are gone, and the rival policy of the two famous brothers, Henry and John, which divided Indians of the old school into two camps, is a forgotten page of history. It is Edmund Burke, I think, who says: "What shadows we are! What shadows we pursue!"

The Funeral.—The scene at his funeral will not soon be forgotten by those who were present, not so much for the number and rank of the assemblage as for the evidences of sincere affection with which he was regarded. Many were in tears; and no national hero interred in Westminster Abbey could have been mourned with more sincerity.[1]

[1] The officiating clergy were the Rev. Dr. Thornton and the Rev. T. G. Crosse, of St. John's; the Rev. J. Kirkman, Vicar of St. Stephen's, Hampstead, and Chaplain of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home; and the Rev. E. Harrison, his grandson. The mourners were Major W. S. Boileau, R.E., only surviving son, Mrs. E. Harrison, wife of Major-General Harrison, R.A., Mrs. C. R. Low, and the two Misses Boileau, children of the deceased; Miss Fanny Boileau, Miss Emily Low, and four young grandsons; Mr. C. R. Low, I.N., son-in-law; Captain A. Boileau, R.A., and Major J. Clarke, of the Cameronians, nephews; Major-General Neil Boileau, Colonel G. Boileau, Mr. W. Phipps Boileau, Mr. Morris Beaufort, Mr. Algernon and Mr. Ernest Elliott, relatives. Also Dr. Sinclair Thomson, Mr. Charles Allen, Solicitor, and Dr. Cooper Rose, Medical Officer of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home. Among those attending the funeral were Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, G.C.B., General Lord Chelmsford, G.C.B., General Sir Beauchamp Walker, K.C.B., General Sir Edward C. Hodge, K.C.B., Major-General Sir Peter Lumsden, G.C.B., General Sir E. Holdich, K.C.B., General the Hon. Sir Alexander Gordon, K.C.B., General Sir W. Wyllie, G.C.B., Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes, V.C., R.E., Major-General Maclagan, R.E., Major-General H. C. Johnstone, C.B., Lieutenant-General F. Maisey, Sir Galbraith Logan, K.C.B., Lieutenant-General C. Sawyer, Major-General McLeod, Major-General S. A. Abbott, Major-General H. Eliott, Major-General G. Erskine, Major-General Ralph Young, R.E., Major-General W. H. Beynon, Colonel A. Moncrieff, C.B., F.R.S., Colonel H. Yule, C.B., R.E., Colonel W. Crompton, Major G. Deane, Rev. C. Darby Reade, M.A., J.P., Rev. Dr. J. Robbins, D.D., Mr. H. C. Saunders, Q.C., and a large assemblage of friends who came to pay this last token of respect and affection. There were also present many of his old colleagues of the Kensington Vestry, and Mr. Harding, Clerk, Dr. Dudfield, Medical Officer, and other officials. Many friends were deterred from attending, owing to illness or absence from town, including General Sir

The funeral arrangements were simple, as beseemed the unostentatious character and expressed wishes of the deceased. The first part of the ceremony was solemnised at St. John's, Notting Hill, the church where he worshipped and of which he was for many years the churchwarden.

The service was performed amid manifestations of grief from a crowded congregation, and a touching feature was the performance by the choir of the General's favourite hymn, "As pants the hart." "O, rest in the Lord" was also sung, and the service was concluded with the Dead March in "Saul," which Mr. Birch, the organist, played with thrilling effect as the body was borne out of the church.

Over eighty wreaths almost concealed the coffin, and the signs of mourning were general throughout Notting Hill as the long procession of mourning-coaches and private carriages proceeded to Kensal Green Cemetery, where the interment took place.

Notwithstanding the increasing inclemency of the weather, there was a very large attendance at the grave-side, including most of those who were present in the church, with many other people from Hampstead. Old officers braved the storm, and a more wretched day could not be imagined, as there was no break in the continuous and steady downpour; and the wealth of floral tributes cast into the grave evidenced how widespread was the feeling of sorrow. But there were

Daniel Lysons, G.C.B., Lieutenant-General Lothian Nicholson, C.B., R.E., Lieutenant-General R. C. Lawrence, C.B., Major-General P. Ravenhill, C.B., R.E. (his worthy successor as chairman of both the Military Charities), Major-General Osborn Wilkinson, C.B., and Colonel R. Oldfield, R.A., all of whom wrote letters expressive of sympathy and regret at their unavoidable absence. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, who, as President of the Royal School, had seen much of General Boileau, and learned to value his many sterling qualities of head and heart, sent kind messages of sympathy to the widow and bereaved family.

two incidents which would have specially touched the heart of the veteran, now at rest, could he have looked down on the scene. The first was the presence in the assembly of many of humble rank—shop assistants of both sexes, whom he would greet with a joke or some kindly expression of interest, some dozen of the poor road-scrapers, who knew "the General" well from his connection with parish matters, and from having often received kind and encouraging words, and something more substantial; and a poor lame crossing-sweeper from Ladbroke Square, who put on his Sunday clothes and limped the whole distance to the church and the cemetery through the driving rain to pay his tribute to his kind patron.

The other incident to which I have referred was the presence at the grave-side of fifty of the elder girls of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home, who were accompanied by their matron, and a great portion of the establishment, all clad in mourning. The good feeling towards General Boileau in Hampstead, where his face was as familiar as that of any resident, extended beyond the walls of the Home, and some of the tradesmen who served the Institution showed their respect in a very gratifying way. One gave pretty baskets to each of the fifty children, and another supplied choice white and red flowers from a London florist to fill them.

Sincere and unrestrained was the grief of these children[1] as they listened to the solemn words of the funeral service,

[1] A pleasing testimony to the feelings of love and gratitude borne towards General Boileau by all who had been sheltered within the walls of the Home, and the establishment which had worked under him so many years, has been afforded by the erection to his memory of a handsome brass tablet which is affixed to the wall of the dining hall, just beneath his portrait, with an inscription that it was put up "by Soldiers' Daughters, Past and Present, their Friends, and Members of the Staff of the Home."

and, filing past the grave, scattered flowers out of their little baskets on the coffin of the good man whose kindly face they would see no more. Each orphan child had learned to regard "the General" as one who had taken the place of her lost parent, for they knew he was cognisant of the simple history attaching to each one, that he spoke kindly words to them in sickness, that when any of them wandered from the path of duty, it afflicted him as with a personal sorrow; and that during the twenty-three years he had been chairman, every child that had died had been followed to her grave by that bent form and venerable head, and that he never strove to hide from their gaze the grief which filled his heart and choked his voice, but shared with them their regrets at the loss of a playmate. He had been one of them, alike in their joys as in their sorrows, and now the link was broken. All these feelings were uppermost in those young hearts, and found vent in the unbought tribute of a tear. It was for love such as this, as he has often said to me, that he worked, and truly and amply he had his reward. He had fulfilled, as far as may be, the Divine function—he had been "a father to the fatherless."

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